Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, MARCH 17, 1898. NUMBER 8

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SECRETS

The skies can't keep their secret!
They tell it to the hills—
The hills just tell the orchards—
And they the daffodils!

A bird, by chance, that goes that way
Soft overheard the whole.
If I should bribe the little bird,
Who knows but she would tell!

I think I won't, however;
It's finer not to know,
If summer were an axiom.
What sorcery had snow.

So keep your secret—Father!
I would not if I could,
Know what the sapphire fellows do,
In your new-fashioned world!

—EMILY DICKINSON

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
HON. J. H. FUNK, Iowa Falls; Speaker Iowa House of Representatives.
HON. W. H. MCACHRAN, Bloomfield.
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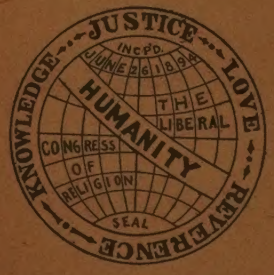
MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

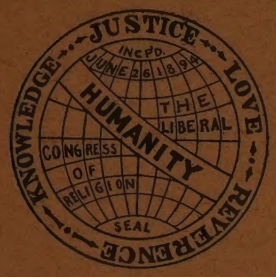
In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.*

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1898. NUMBER 3



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—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor self of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

—CARLYLE.

An illustration of the rapid growth of toleration and religious good-will is furnished by the intimation that the Pope will not oppose a grand celebration of the fourth centenary of the death of Savonarola, who was burned at Florence by the orders of Pope Alexander VI. Leo XIII. is not only the most enlightened and progressive pontiff that has ever occupied the chair of Saint Peter, but he is the most liberal, generous, and brave. It is understood that he will take no personal part in the celebration, but he will permit bishops and prelates to appear on the committee of organization.

Readers of NEW UNITY will remember that we have advocated the equal independence of church, state, and school. If anything could well illustrate the necessity of school independence, it is the recent interview of the New York City Board of Education with Mayor Van Wick. The mayor attacked manual education, and in all ways set himself up as dictator, in matters of which he certainly is no expert, if he be not quite an ignoramus. The whole story is too long to be repeated here. It should be read, however, by every one who is interested in higher education, as it is reported in the New York City supplement of the *School Journal.*

The fourth State Congress of the Illinois branch of the Congress of Religions, will be held at Springfield, Ill., May 10th and 11th. The arrangements have been placed in the hands of Rev. Joseph Leiser, the genial poet-preacher of the capital city, and a good program, a hearty welcome, and enthusiastic sessions are assured. The previous meetings held at Streator, Freeport and Aurora, imparted strength and courage to the local workers in liberal fields and it seems eminently fitting that the grateful effort be made this year to bring together, for closer co-operation, the many unorganized and unaffiliated liberals residing in the legislative center of Illinois. Make your plans to be at Springfield the second week of May.

In a recent sermon by Robert Collyer, entitled, "Stand on Thy Feet," he asks, What is religion? And in the following lines finds his definition:

"Not blindly to disown
Thy reason, or to crouch and lay thee flat
Before a something terrible, unknown,
Not bound with bristling fence of human creeds
To thunder bans from thy presumptuous throne;
Nor with the mumbled charm of counted beads
To bring God down, and make thy will his own;
But in his face with reverent love to look
Here, where it shines in sky and land and sea;
And, where a prophet speaks in holy book,
To hear his word, and take the truth to thee
To hold it fast; and tread earth's lowly sod
With open soul, as one who *walks* with God."

The whole sermon is a plea for that "manliness" which has ever characterized this loyal veteran in the army of God.

Another illustration of the shameful manner in which education is run over by ignorance and political dictators is shown by the action of the grand jury of San Francisco. Charges have been brought before the jury against the members of the School Board for selling positions as teachers to the highest bidders. Director Drucker answered: "It keeps us busy looking after our friends, and there can be small chance for outsiders to purchase positions. Of course, I have a certain number of friends who want and expect positions. Each director appoints his own friends and relatives, whose names are never questioned by the committee, or by the full board. That is a courtesy which is extended by every director to each of his fellow directors—the minority, of course, excepted." This is the shameless way in which our schools are managed, and education debauched. That there shall be something more than mere ignorance placed in the teacher's chair at times is not to be wondered at.

Mr. Watson, the English Laureate, gives us this beautiful lyric of the passing month:

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears.
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter;
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

The horrible murder of a negro postmaster in South Carolina is calling to the front the better sentiment of Southern people. The Columbia *Register*, Charlestown *News and Courier*, the Columbia *State*, and other papers are bold and unflinching in their denunciation of the outrage. The *State* says: "We are ashamed and sickened for the sake of South Carolina, her good name, her pride, and her manhood. We would have preferred to see her lose a thousand sons in battle than have to record such a coward's crime. All of us have to bear the disgrace of it. For years and decades it will be a taunt in the mouths of our enemies." No, never! we reply. There is not one State that has done a nobler service in the Union than South Carolina, notwithstanding its record on the question of disunion. We shall count on the people of South Carolina as most unflinching for what they see to be right; and, as a rule, they will see correctly. The sectional struggle is over forever.

After a long and gallant fight, the public school teachers of Chicago, in the primary and grammar grades, succeeded in having their salaries raised, by the Board of Education, to a maximum of $1,000. It is certainly true, that no money appropriated by the city is expended to better advantage than is the money devoted to common school education; and if the money be honestly and thoughtfully spent, the larger the appropriation, the more creditable and advantageous it is to the city. It is further true, that a good teacher is worth a good salary, and that the salaries should be sufficiently large to entice more men into the service, and to encourage the choosing of teaching as a life profession. But it does not seem right to us that the advance be made solely on the strength of years of service. Every teacher naturally profits by experience, but no amount of experience can make a good teacher out of a poor one; can make a successful teacher out of one who has no aptitude for teaching, no desire to improve, no love for the profession, and no intention of making it a life-vocation.

The better plan seems to be the one recently adopted in Greater New York, to give the first advance of salary on the ground of experiences, and to grade all subsequent advances (1) by examinations which shall determine the actual progress the teacher is making in the acquisition of knowledge and in the understanding of the principle of pedagogy, and (2) by the teacher's record at school which attests his adaptability for teaching, his ability to apply theory to practice. This is a safeguard against the stagnation of such teachers as regard teaching no more than a easy and respectable method of earning a living or a stepping-stone to marriage.

Editorial Correspondence.

In the Sunny South.

The convenient "sore throat," which has been the annual excuse for the flitting of the senior editor of THE NEW UNITY in March, did not come this year, but it was anticipated, and plans were made for it, so the "flitting" took place as usual. It was a hurried week that tossed off the many things that must be done before such a suspension of activities at the center as such a flight involves. The "Twentieth Anniversary Number" had been seen into the page proof, and then, amid falling snow which promised to improve the sleighing that had been continuous for several weeks, he passed out of Chicago on the "Monon Route," on Thursday evening, March the third. On Friday morning, the world was still white at Cincinnati, and, taking the "Queen & Crescent Route" to the South, the white gradually vanished until it disappeared entirely in the neighborhood of Lexington, Ky. As the train swung through the heightening hills and the intensifying scenery, the promise of summer became more and more tangible, so that when Chattanooga was reached, at five o'clock, the winter was gone and the spring had arrived; the robins were superintending the gardening, and the buttercups were out to encourage the gardener. On Saturday, the fourth, in connection with Rev. Marion F. Ham, of All Souls' Church of Chattanooga, and an old Janesville parishioner and comrade of the army, the great National Park of Chickamauga was visited—beautiful in its pathos, triumphant in its peace. The great battlefield, upward of six thousand acres, combed and cleared with its sixty miles of boulevard, dotted everywhere with impressive marking-stones and monuments, showing where the valorous forces of both sides stood in the terrible contest, were mute, but eloquent witnesses of peace. They were messengers of harmony. The sheep grazed trustingly amid the planted artillery, and birds sang cheerily as they flew from monument to monument.

That evening a goodly audience gathered to listen to a lecture from the editor at All Souls Church. The next day Sunday at 11:00 and at 4:00 he preached to full houses, and found abundant evidence that Mr. Ham has turned the tide of battle for the liberal church here, and that things are looking upward at Chattanooga.

On Monday morning I took the train for Athens, which, as might be expected, is an old seat of learning—a college town—planted among the picturesque foothills of the Allegheny Range, some sixty miles northwest of Chattanooga—a Methodist college—the character of its past and its future may be inferred from its changed name, "the U. S. Grant University." The professional schools in Law and

in Divinity are in Chattanooga; the College of Art and Letters is located in this quiet town of less than two thousand. It is ideally located. The water is good, provisions cheap, and scenery magnificent. A hearty dinner and supper were enjoyed with the boys of the "Centennial Club." They have brought the eating problems down to the wholesome basis of six dollars a month, by a vigorous application of the principles of co-operation. Although the quiet of the town had been disturbed by a murder which occurred just a few moments before the arrival of the train, the college chapel was well filled that night, not only by the three hundred or more students in the college proper, and the Girls' Industrial School, but by the Faculty, and the residents of the town. Dean Wright, now in charge of the school, presided, and introduced the speaker; officers and students joined in cordial solicitation to have him stay longer and address them again next morning in the chapel, but the trains were inexorable. By eleven o'clock I was again back in Chattanooga, and with the companions of Saturday, the heights of Lookout were reached by means of the new inclined railway—a way that ought to have shamed one who claims a part in the traditions of Hooker and Sherman. It was nearly midnight of Tuesday when I reached Huntsville, Ala. On Wednesday the homes that were closed to me, for the very best of reasons, in the winter of 1864, when I was encamped at Russell's Hill, opened most cordially to me now, and on Wednesday evening, in the parlor of the Huntsville Hotel, I gave my lecture on George Eliot to a characteristically American audience, which contained representatives of the cultivated circles of the city without regard to creed, race or sex, and transient residents, whose homes reached from North Dakota to Florida; St. Paul, Denver, Birmingham, and St. Louis, were among the cities represented, and, of course, there was a little group to give surprise and be surprised, from All Souls Church, Chicago.

Next morning the Chicago parishioners, with the pastor, drove out four miles to Normal, and studied the phenomenal work being done under the lead of Professor Council, the head of the Northern Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College. This work is not so extensive, nor so far developed, nor so well advertised as the work of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee, Ala., but it is a work in every way inspiring. Here between three hundred colored boys and girls are being trained according to the newest methods, into competency and character. Three-quarters of them showed hands when the children of former slaves were called for. We visited classes in Latin, physics, the domestic and industrial arts, and then, at the touch of a bell, the various classes assembled in the chapel, where they sang their most inspiriting jubilee songs in response to addresses made to them by the editor and James P. Gardner of Chicago. It was a source of regret that Professor Council was absent, for we would have been glad to have shaken hands again with the man, who, at nineteen years of age, was a slave, ignorant of his alphabet, attending to the needs of his mistress at Huntsville (when the present writer was attending to his horses as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery on the adjoining hills), but who, since then, has won for himself a culture and an efficiency that place him among the educators of the nation.

Thursday evening I reached Birmingham, the Chicago of the South, and the next day, in the delightful companionship of Rabbi Morris Newfield and Prof. John Phillips, the efficient principal of the splendid public schools of Birmingham—they probably lead the public schools of the South—I was shown around this great new center of industry; a town fore-ordained to commercial eminence. Nature here has piled inexhaustible stores of iron, coal, and limestone in direct touch, the one with the other. Of course, manufactories must thrive here; here iron in nearly all its forms is being manufactured, perhaps cheaper than at any other place in the world—so cheap that it can furnish its product in the shops of Pittsburg cheaper than Pittsburg can work up its own material. Here, again, were visits and addresses at the public school, and in the afternoon a lecture before the Howard College in the adjoining suburb of East Lake; this is the State Baptist Institution. Another most cordial reception was given to the editor. The regular exercises were suspended; the nearly three hundred boys and one girl now in attendance at the school were gathered in the chapel, and President Roof presided, and addresses were made by Professor Phillips, Rabbi Newfield, as well as by the editor.

In the evening Temple Emmanuel was filled with a most inclusive audience. It was itself a "Parliament of Religion" in miniature, reaching from Catholicism to Judaism and beyond. After the beautiful and impressive Prayer Service of the Reformed Jewish Ritual, conducted by Rabbi Newfield and a great chorus choir, splendidly trained, the editor told the story of the Parliament Religion with the "what next" of it. The latter part of the subject, however handled, could not reach the thrilling exemplification of the "what next" then and there realized.

From the platform straight to the train, and here I am in Vicksburg, sending to the readers of THE NEW UNITY my greeting from the study of Rabbi Solomon, in whose temple I give to-night my lecture on the Parliament, etc., under the auspices of the Vicksburg Lyceum.

It is almost thirty-five years since I laid in the trenches outside this city, and enjoyed, with the other members of Grant's Army, the high felicity of that historic Fourth of July picnic, in which we shared our bread with the hungry, and tasted the social delights that are the reward of heroism, however mistaken, and make brothers of those who are on the opposite sides for conscience sake. PEACE was the quest then, as it is now; PEACE was the message which the bomb-shells carried through the air, and may the old message be carried more effectively on the higher and finer wings of love.

From this point I turn my face northward, and expect to reach Chicago about the time these words will be passing through the press. In the next issue I hope to report the close of this itinerary—"In the Sunny South"—and to touch upon some interesting experiences which must here be omitted.

Vicksburg, Miss., March 12, 1898. J. Ll. J.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Dr. Crooker gives a thorough castigation to Lyman Abbott for his recent editorial, "To Liberal Ministers." In this Mr. Abbott says, "Unitarianism passed, by successive stages, from the spiritual liberalism of Channing into a transcendental theism, a frigid deism, and, finally, an ostentatiously undevout ethical culture." This utterance of Mr. Abbott deserves everything that Mr. Crooker says, and even more; for if anything be true, it is that the steady drift toward liberalism in America has been toward an increase of honor for God and for man. And if this be not devoutness enough, we would be glad to have the way pointed out, whereby an intelligent man may become some sort of an intelligent devotee. Shall we hang some sort of fetich about our necks; or retire into monasteries and nunneries, and leave the whole world to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.?

Is it true, as asserted, that the factory girls of New England are rapidly adopting the detestable snuff-dipping habits of the lower white women of the South? The Boston *Herald* insists that this is true. It says there are thousands of these "dippers," from Berkshire to Cape Cod. "The big mills shelter an army of them, slaves to a most disgusting habit; and this, too, in spite of a strong sentiment in opposition. Spasmodic efforts have been made to check the yearly increasing consumption, but to little avail." In Fall River, over eighteen tons of snuff are sold every year. Lowell dealers dispose of from twenty to twenty-five tons yearly, while Lawrence finds a steady market for over twenty tons. These figures are not a matter of guesswork, but are based on the statements of the leading men in the trade. The pathological effects of the habit are troubles of the heart, dyspepsia, diseases of the throat, and nervous complaint.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* recommends a reaction towards "spanking as a preventive of crime." The argument is, that those who live on a physical plane can only be reached by physical applications. The theory is sound enough, and the fact that we ever reacted from it is mainly owing to sentimentalism. No advantage ever accrues to the criminal classes from prison life, especially from incarceration in a common jail. If punishment must enter into the question of protecting society, then let it be such punishment as is comprehended by the baser elements of society. All this does not militate against the theory that the whole force of society should be directed to reform, and not simply to punish.

The threat that Prof. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary shall be put on the rack of trial for heresy, reminds us that a remarkably interesting volume of such trials could be written just now, at the close of the century. The result of every such trial has been to give power and influence to the victim, and expose the weak points of a tyrannical orthodoxy. We cannot deny that it is slightly comforting to remember that Dr. Patton, who was the chief inquisitor of Professor Swing, is now getting his well-deserved share of trial at the bar of public opinion.

Prof. Brice declares in his famous volume upon American Institutions, that we have no great public leaders. This is partly true, and yet in great crises we have never failed of developing needed leaders. Under ordinary circumstances our States occupy so much of the attention, and so control the schemes of able men, that their power does not reach to the general masses outside of State limits. James H. Eckels, ex-comptroller, writes a masterly article for the *School Journal*, in which he discusses this question with great ability. He shows that the greatness of the nation must always rest in the keeping of "a leadership strong in its sense of right, patriotic in its devotion to duty, and unwavering in its fidelity to the whole people." Republicanism does not mean that the whole mass of the people shall have a voice in every event, but shall have a voice in selecting a leader whom all can trust. This will be the struggle of the next national contest; not to settle all great questions at the polls, but to find the man or men who can be trusted to re-establish the principles of national economy and rectitude.

The great trouble with the reformers is, that they generally insist in going out of the fold, just so far as each one can see, and there driving a stake; and then saying to others: "Thus far shalt thou be free to progress, but no farther." The woods are full of these fellows; each one defending his own stake, and cursing everybody who refuses to camp down with him. It is the old story. Job said to his advisors, "No doubt wisdom will die with you."

The Independent joins the hue and cry against popular government, and laudation of English institutions; or allows its correspondents to do it, which is all the same. Rev. Dr. George Washburn says: "No one who knows the two countries can question the fact that England is the better governed of the two; or that the English people, taken as a whole, have more respect for law, for human life, for individual liberty, and the rights of property." Now, we simply do not believe one word of this. It sounds exactly like the charges made one hundred years ago by the autocrats, who wished to establish a government of what they called "The Best." It is a wave of criticism that must come around periodically. We stand to the belief that the nineteenth century has demonstrated that, with all our defects,

there is as large a degree of respect for law in America as in England, but a much greater determination to assert and defend individual liberty. What now we have particularly to guard against is the spread of the sentiments expressed by such men as Dr. Washburn. We must also add that the real glory of England for the last half century has not been her monarchy, or monarchial institutions, but the increase of republican sentiment, and to this increase of respect for popular rights is due all that is credited to English institutions.

We have noted the tendency of all ideas to repeat themselves periodically. There is much in this year of 1898 that recalls 1798. It was in that year that the Sedition Bill was passed, making it punishable with fine and imprisonment to speak against public officials. The effort to pass a law in New York State forbidding cartoons and lampoons is very much of the same sort. If the press is not to be trusted with freedom, who shall be trusted with the muzzle?

Dr. Collyer recalls an interesting passage between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the hymns in use were mere pieces of cabinet work. Then his voice deepened and his eyes shone, as they did in his noblest moments, and he said, "One hymn I think supreme." Emerson threw back his head and waited, while Dr. Holmes repeated:

> Thou hidden love of God, whose hight
> Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
> I see from far Thy beauteous light;
> Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
> My heart is pained, nor can it be
> At rest till it find rest in Thee.

Emerson responded: "I know—I know, that is the supreme hymn."

Mr. Harmsworth, the Englishman who has made such a remarkable success with the London *Daily Mail*, gives this as his journalistic creed: "I believe that half the journalistic notions of what the public wants to read are wrong; I believe that the public is a far better critic than is usually imagined; I believe that the public does not care an iota about size, and, if anything, a small journal is preferred to a big one; I believe that price has very little to do with the success of a publication; I believe that the attractions of illustrated journalism are enormously overrated; I believe party journalism to be practically dead; I believe in independence." This is a hopeful outlook for the daily press of the future. We are probably near the end of the extravagances of pudding-head journalism. The same may be said of sectarian organs. Religious people care less and less for the lines of division.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Good That Hides in Ill.

God is the light in every shade,
The good that hides in ill;
Each thing in all the earth that's made,
His tender makings fill,
That dawn may glow from out each dark,
That good from ill be wrought,
Our joys outsinging every lark
As thinks his perfect thought.

I know his makings hide in me
Whatever storms may beat;
His light, in love's tranquillity,
Shines gently, rainbow-sweet;
And in the rains my sparrow heart
Can sing its dearest songs,
As though the magic throat of love
Enchanted all earth's wrongs.

He is the quiet of my fields,
The shepherd of my peace,
Who deeper life unto me yields
And always love's increase;
So full of him the noble calm,
My voice the silence breaks,
And sings out such a holy psalm
That every joy awakes.

His love I 'm finding everywhere,
And always at a task
That does each deed as true and fair
As all perfections ask;
The glories of his tender art
The earth's wide spaces take,
As all the dreamings of his heart
Within his life awake.

And so my heart in strength abides,
My life a busy deed,
That all his grace that in me hides
Be unto blossom freed,
That what his tenderest love foresees
May in my soul come true,
As all his holy ministries
My eager hands must do.

My life is living unafraid,
My inmost heart is still,
For everything that's being made
His tender makings fill;
My busy troubled life may hark,
And in the deeps he's wrought,
Hear joy outsinging every lark
As thinks God's perfect thought.

JOHN M. SCOTT.

Horace Mann, and Our Common School System.

Of the several volumes comprising "The Great Educators" series, published by the Scribners, the volume just issued upon "Horace Mann," by Prof. A. B. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan, is, on the whole, the most interesting, especially to us Americans. Horace Mann is one of the most worthy and admirable characters in our history. Perhaps to no one else does American popular education owe so much. Next after our political liberty, our free public-school system is our greatest achievement thus far in our national career, and to Horace Mann, more than to any other, are we indebted for it.

Born at Franklin, Mass., in 1796, and dying at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1859, his life of sixty-three years was a constant warfare in behalf of the highest educational, political, and social ideals. He

graduated at Brown in 1819, and for some years practiced the profession of law in Boston and elsewhere with marked success. For ten years he was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. While he was president of the Senate, a law was passed creating a State Board of Education, giving it a sort of advisory or supervisory control over the common schools of the State. This board, appointed by the Governor, to the great surprise of Mann, elected him its first secretary. Here his great work, for which his life has become famous, begins.

In the early part of the century the common schools of Massachusetts were in a woeful condition. The school buildings were poor, ungainly, uncomfortable, unhealthy. Teachers, many of them, were ignorant, and their teaching stupid, uninteresting, and perfunctory. Corporal punishment was common and often inflicted with inhuman severity. The State was divided into small districts for school purposes, and there was no intelligent supervision of the schools by any one. There was no uniformity in text-books; often a half-dozen arithmetics, by different authors, would be used in the same school. Over three hundred different text-books were found in the common schools of the State, where, at the most, not over thirty would have been profitable or necessary. Graded schools were unknown. High schools, supported and under the control of the State, as we understand the high school to-day, did not exist. The common school had begun to be looked upon as a sort of pauper school, and the rich and well-to-do felt it a disgrace to send their children to it. A line was slowly being drawn between the rich and the poor, in relation to the schools, hostile to the spirit of democracy, and liable to become a menace to the State.

This condition of things, Horace Mann, as secretary of the State Board of Education, set himself to correct and reform. This volume by Professor Hinsdale tells with what sacrifices Mr. Mann entered upon the work, and with what great ability, zeal, and devotion he pursued it. It makes one's heart almost sink within him to-day as he reads this volume, to learn what obstacles this noble and devoted man—who left a law practice worth several thousand dollars a year to accept this office at a salary of one thousand dollars—had to encounter and overcome, in his heroic efforts to improve and elevate the common schools of his State. Ignorant and fossilized teachers who feared that they would lose their places if teaching were supervised and improved, opposed him. Bigoted preachers, with eyes so close together that they could look through a keyhole with both eyes at once, who affected to believe that their God would be disappointed and angry, and civilization, itself, go to the dogs if their miserable dogmas and metaphysical conceits were not taught in the schools, opposed him. Politicians, who hoped to secure the votes of the rabble by magnifying and misrepresenting the cost of improvements, opposed him. Proprietors, and others intrusted in private schools, who feared that their occupation would be gone if the common schools were improved, opposed him. That great mass of conservative and well-meaning citizens, always hostile to change and always in favor of letting what they call, "well enough alone," opposed him. They attempted to organize public opinion against him. They made an effort to repeal the law creating his office. They refused to provide him a room in which to transact his business. They had the insufferable meanness to refuse to provide stationery and postage for his large and necessary correspondence. Yet this brave soul, impelled by a lofty sense of public duty, steadily pursued his way. He set to work to secure the support of public opinion, and so held public meetings to discuss educational subjects in the various towns of the State. At first, opinion was so hostile or indifferent that he often had to open the hall where the meeting was to be held, sweep out the room, and build the fire with his own hands. Touched by his devotion and zeal, moved by his great abilities and eloquence, the people soon began to rally to his support. The most distinguished citizens of the commonwealth—such men as Edward Everett, ex-President John Quincy Adams, and Daniel Webster—encouraged him by their presence at his meetings, and occasionally addressed them. The great public was finally converted, almost solely by his efforts, and became his earnest supporter. Normal schools were established for the special education of teachers—libraries were formed in nearly every district—the common school was made the best school of its class in the State, so that the rich and well-to-do were glad to send their children there rather than to the private schools, which they had before patronized.

Twelve years Mr. Mann held this office of secretary, and his twelve Annual Reports—some of them translated and circulated in Europe—have proved the most influential and valuable from the common school standpoint ever written in this country upon that subject. It is not too much to say that the common schools of Massachusetts and New England, and to a greater or less degree, the common schools of the whole country to-day, in all their best features, are the result of the untiring labors and unselfish devotion of Horace Mann.

Upon the death of John Quincy Adams, a member of the National House of Representatives, in the Capitol at Washington, in 1848, Horace Mann was elected to fill the vacancy. This, of course, made it necessary for him to resign the office of secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. He served in Congress four years, during an eventful period, and took a leading part in the discussion of the famous compromise measures of 1850. He was a ready, eloquent, and able debater. Professor Hinsdale well says that his political career would be much better known if it were not overshadowed by his great fame as an educator. He had always been a friend and admirer of Daniel Webster until Webster made his famous seventh of March speech, in which he proposed to leave the great question of freedom or slavery in the national territories to be settled by the laws of nature or chance. After this speech Webster and Mann could be friends no more. Mann's condemnation of the speech and its author was as terrible as the arraignment of Webster in the "Ichabod" of Whittier. The great statesman was compared by Mann to "Lucifer fallen from Heaven." As a result, all the friends of Webster opposed the return of Mann to Congress, and actually defeated his re-nomination in the Whig convention. But Mann ran as an independent candidate and was triumphantly re-elected over all opposition. The people approved his condemnation

of the course of Webster. In 1852 he was a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated. This ended his political career.

He was soon after elected president of Antioch College in Ohio, and, in broken health and with streaming tears, but with a brave heart, he bade farewell to his devoted friends in the East, and departed for his new scene of labor in the West. He carried with him all his old enthusiasm. The sad story of his trials, his disappointments, his struggles, his devotion to his trust at Antioch, Professor Hinsdale tells with touching pathos. It was the ambition of Mann to make Antioch an ideal college. All studies were to be arranged to practical ends. Coeducation was to be established, the first attempt of the kind in any college in the world except Oberlin, where it had been adopted a short time before. Women were to be placed upon the Faculty, Mr. Mann believing that girls and boys, removed from the restraints and watchful care of home, would need maternal as well as paternal advice and guidance. Smoking was to be prohibited. Intemperance was not to be tolerated or winked at. A diploma from Antioch, bearing the signature of Horace Mann, was to be a certificate not only of scholarship, but of character. His lofty ideal was not to be attained. He died after a service of six years, we fear with a broken heart. His body was eventually removed from Antioch, and now rests in Providence, R. I., by the side of his first wife. His statue in bronze stands in the public ground on the left as you approach the entrance to the State Capitol at Boston, while the statue of Webster stands opposite on the right. The animosities of fifty years ago seem to be forgotten, and the two great men stand there equally honored by the people of the commonwealth which they served.

All this story involving politics, educational theories and methods, and religion—for Horace Mann being a Unitarian incurred much hostility in his work on that account—Professor Hinsdale tells in a clear and lucid style, with judicial fairness and with solid, unpretentious, uncommon sense. His book should be read by every teacher. To every intelligent citizen, especially those interested in schools, it will prove as interesting as a novel. To the old and middle-aged it will revive pleasant or stirring memories, long since forgotten; while to the young it will furnish the stimulus and inspiring enthusiasm of a noble example.

BY JUDGE W. D. HARRIMAN.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

St. Patrick.

His real name was Patricius, which is not college Latin, but good honest Latin. In the vernacular he was called Succath, which means the brave. He is called Patrick for short, from Patricius. If he was born in Ireland, it was at a place afterward called Kil Patrick, which does not mean anything sanguinary, but only Kirk Patrick, or the Church of Patricius. But if he was born over the sea, it was still at Kirk Patrick. At the age of sixteen he was carried off by a roving band of marauders, who came from the northern part of the island for plunder. These robbers sold him to a chieftain, who made him tend his sheep. Here as a shepherd boy, a slave, alone on the hilltops, his soul began to pray. He had no friend but the Unseen, the Divine. All earthly help was far away. He was capable of visions—a gift not rare with great brains. All great geniuses for religion have had a touch of the epileptic, or vision power. Socrates had it; Buddha had it; Jesus had it. Many of the great saints, like St. Paul and St. Patrick, got outside of themselves sometimes. What finer sight does history suggest than this young fellow, full of natural inspiration, all alone, learning to see God face to face! In a book that he wrote, at a later period, he says: "I was sixteen years old, in a strange land. I remembered my sins, and turned with all my heart to God. He had pity on my youth and my ignorance, and comforted me as a father does his son."

So, in the sweet love of his poetic soul, Patricius lay there on the hillside, watching those sheep and feeling the warmth of God's arm around him. Then, after six years he ran away; and about this the popular tale has some pious marvels. All we know is, he reached home safely; but those were freebooting times, and men and boys were often a part of the freeboot. After ten years, or thereabouts, Patricius was picked up again and carried away to France; but here he was not long kept. His visions all the time would not let him alone. They constantly called him to go to the wild Irish clans and convert them to Christianity. After getting a sort of ordination from French bishops, he started to obey the call. The story of his work is more charming than that of any knight-errant. He was a beautiful fellow, every way, in the prime of his young manhood, and with that faith that always wins. With these religious fellows it is always faith that gives power; not the cheap faith in theories, that has not power to move an anthill of fashion, prejudice, or selfishness, but faith in action, that will move mountains. "I pray God," says Patrick, "that He will help me to persevere and prove myself faithful; and if I have ever tried to do any good for the sake of my God, whom I love, may He grant that I may pour out my blood for Him with these converts of mine."

He went from clan to clan, preaching Christianity. Not a creed at all, but a nobler morality. Early Christianity was simply mercy and love, in place of the bloody codes then in vogue. That thing in the new religion which struck men was its doctrine of forgiveness, mercy, good will. They had no catechisms and atonements. Jesus taught peace, and that was the sum of all He had to say: "On earth peace, good will to men." The struggle of men and races was to give way to love. The law had been for all time, an eye for an eye. Revenge is the religion of lower races.

Patrick died the 17th of March of 465, or about that date. From this day Ireland was so transformed in custom, so zealous for schools, so devoted to the Christian religion, that it was called the Island of Saints. Until the twelfth century—that is, for 700 years—her scholarship ranked highest in Europe. Her learned men were everywhere sought after. In the twelfth century, Pope Adrian IV. gave Henry II. of England authority to take possession of Ireland, for which he should pay the Pope an annual revenue. From that time there has been nothing but oppression, hate, war, revolt; until the Irish have little left except what Patrick gave the mur-

derer. In 1800 the Irish Parliament was suppressed; and so went out nationality. A foreign law and a foreign faith claim her allegiance. But all the world holds no other such a saint as Patrick.

Beautiful boy! tending sheep
On the Northern hills!
Sung to by the rills!
Now art thou fallen asleep!

Thy hair tawny and black,
From marble-white brow blown back!
Over thy face creep round
The dreams that have no sound,
But with great deeds abound.

Thy hand, o'er the heather thrown,
Doth pluck at the Shamrock blown;
Doth lift it toward God's throne,
Asking Ireland for thine own.

O, sweet soul! and brave!
This, which thou doest crave,
God, ere thou asked it, gave—
Love! toil! and a grave!

One lamb, wandering, afright,
Did call from the glen;
An angel lifted it then
To his heavenly bosom white.

The sheep, on the slopes below,
Look up to their shepherd lad
With faces loving and glad,
And wait for the angels to go.

Wake! my boy! The sheep are calling!
The golden rays of eve are falling
O'er their fleeces, silvery white!
Thou must fold them for the night.
—*E. P. Powell, from the St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF "THE NEW UNITY:"

I send you another proof of the sweet humility which characterized the life of our sainted Frances Willard, in the words with which she accepted—only a few short weeks ago—a copy of my last book of verse, and the little tribute to herself written upon the fly-leaf thereof. Her words and the inscription which occasioned them are as follows:

"Your inscription is too kind, but it will help me on to better things; and hoping that all things good and beautiful may be yours, I am ever, my dear friend, Sincerely yours,

"FRANCES E. WILLARD."

Glow, rapt priestess in the fane
Of knowledge, loved of gods and men.
Turn from the rose and laurel then
To bind the wound, and rend the chain.

To count no service mean in need,
If consecrate to worthy aims;
Serene, if hate or grand acclaims
Wait on her fearless word or deed.

To press the sweets of noble toil;
To thrill with mercy like to His!
So mailed in gracious charities,
Bruised hearts, rough hands, could not assoil.

To live in earnest with the times;
In league with Christ, in holy faith
With men and women, until Death—
Shall ring for her his blissful chimes.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

The most gladsome thing in the world is that few of us fall very low, the saddest, that with such capabilities, we seldom rise high.

—*Barrie.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

A Chapel in the Infinite.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE THEISTIC CHURCH, SWALLOW STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, BY DR. WASHINGTON SULLIVAN.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
—*Tennyson: "In Memoriam."*

The supreme value of the two great poets of the Victorian era is this—that they have attuned their song to the expression of modern thought concerning those transcendent realities which must ever possess an inexhaustible interest for mankind. What is the use, asks Kant, of affecting indifference towards that about which humanity never can be indifferent? In an age which acknowledges the complete emancipation of the human reason, the supremacy of conscience, the inviolable rights of private judgment, Tennyson has sung of an "honest doubt" wherein there "lives more faith" than in half the creeds and councils of Ecclesiasticism. Browning has faced the riddle of the Universe, the bewildering mystery of a world of pain and sorrow, with unconquerable courage and hope. His musician, Abt Vogler, believes in eternal harmony, with Plato and Carlyle:

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

And, being no dreamer or pessimist, seeing Reason at the heart of things, and Good the final goal of ill, he

At least believes in soul, and is very sure of God.

Here are the three imperishable realities — God, Soul, Hereafter. Of all the rest is it ultimately true which the weary preacher said: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," or, as the modern Ecclesiastes has it: *Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse.*

In the words which I have quoted from the opening stanzas of the *In Memoriam*, Tennyson shows himself affected by the spectacle the world exhibits to the thoughtful man in its multitudinous religious sects and segments, and the strange contrasts the national, political, and ethical unities of mankind present, with their theological divergencies. The very etymology of the word "religion" signifies that its intent and purpose is to bind men together, whereas, as we mournfully confess, it has proved ever since the Christian era a fruitful source of schism and division, national as well as individual. It is only since the much-despised and denounced "world" and its modern civilization has effectually curtailed the offensive powers of Corporations, Synods, and Inquisitions, that religion has ceased to outrage the public conscience by repetitions of the enormities of former times.

As the sweep of his vision ranges over past and present, the poet is enabled to estimate these fragmentary philosophies aright; he sees them in their proper perspective, in their relation to the Infinite Reality behind them. He calls them "little sys-

tems," "broken lights;" he is able to forecast their future, "they cease to be." There is but One Eternal, "without shadow of change or turning;" "And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

This is the fact that weighs so heavily with the thoughtful and discriminating minds of the day—that all the apocalyptic theologies and religious philosophies which purport to reveal the unspeakable mystery, known to exist, though hidden from our sight, end only in belittling it. Doubtless an element of accommodation is discoverable and essential in the purest thought of the unseen order; our thoughts of the Soul of Souls must be such as our spirits can supply. Men so divided in belief as Kant and Newman have both recognized this fact, the only difference being that while the former understands the creeds and their tenets as symbols wherein man, striving to express the inexpressible, finds relief and rest to his spirit, Newman looks upon them as so much history, which if a man shall not accept as fact, "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." To him, as to all Christians who really stand by their order, the New Covenant is a revelation, complete and final, of all that can or will be known of the transcendental order. It claims that "a door was opened in heaven," and those mysteries made manifest "to little ones" which had been "hidden from the wise and far-seeing philosophers of old." It claims to be "the Tabernacle of God with men," "God manifest in the flesh," or in sacraments, rites, and symbols—nay, it is the "City come out of heaven from God," it is the Cathedral of Humanity.

This was believed profoundly, consummately, in the days before the Flood—the Flood of Knowledge let loose upon mankind, beginning with the days of the Renascimento and continuing down to our own. The philosopher-poet of the nineteenth century sees nothing of it in the altar and system set up in this Western world. Like the rest, it is a "little system," which ultimately ceases to be. The heavenly city fades into an earthly chamber, the vast cathedral of humanity dwindles to a spot on the horizon, it shrinks to the dimensions of "a chapel in the Infinite."

Let us see how this is true. The first great shock to the pretentious dogmatism of the Western world came with the discovery of Copernicus and Galileo that the current astronomy was fundamentally wrong. No sun-star or swarm of worlds in the infinite azure could be so precious in God's sight as this earth of ours, it was believed; for, had it not been chosen as the scene and stage of that transcendent act whereby the Deity had consecrated humanity forever to Himself? Now it turns out that the physical origin of this world of ours is precisely that of others, while, so far from being the center of the Universe, it is but a speck in Infinity, positively invisible from any of the million suns that light the eternal way from our own central orb to the infinities that range beyond. The ecclesiastical mind of those days astutely fastened on the charge of impugning the sacred record of Moses—itself a phenomenal instance of incompetent infallibility—but the real explanation of Galileo's persecution lies in the fact that, with this earth in a dependent position and in ceaseless motion, the whole system of theology suffered a serious shock. Where were heaven and hell in the new version astronomy gave of things? Where did Christ's spirit go on His death? Where is limbo, and where is purgatory? Whither did Christ go when He ascended bodily into the air? Since this earth is uncounted myriads of miles from the spot in space which it occupied this morning when we awoke, what became of the inspired geography of *terra incognita*, according to which the several receptacles of spirits were mapped out with such unfaltering precision?

With the vanishing of the pre-eminent claims advanced by a rudimentary science on behalf of this earth, and supported by the unsuspecting theology of the childhood of the world, the earth-born philosophy of things wrapped up in its fate must also disappear. While the earth dwindles into a spot in endless space, its "little systems" share its fate, and our Western Cathedral shrinks to the size of "a chapel in the Infinite."

Or, look at the matter numerically. Jesus Christ, who avowedly confined His missionary efforts to His own race, "for to them only am I sent," is made by the writer of Matthew's Gospel to give a world-wide commission to His disciples on the very eve of His mysterious disappearance from earth: "Go ye and teach all nations," he is reported to have enjoined upon them. Peter, doubtless, was present upon this occasion, or, at any rate, we cannot conceive him ignorant of the commission; and yet we find him refusing point-blank to admit Cornelius the Centurion—the first candidate who offered himself—into the Christian Church, and, according to the Acts, a blanket of animals had to be let through the roof of his house before he could be turned from his purpose of confining the new religion exclusively to Jews. The explanation, as you know, of such universality as Christianity has attained, is due to the influence of the cosmopolitan Saul of Tarsus, though the idea of an Ecumenical Society was by no means his original thought. The Stoics were full of the ideal, and the Cynics before them, while Socrates refused to describe himself as a citizen of Athens, but claimed the whole world as his fatherland and the outer barbarians, as the exclusive Greeks styled them, his brethren.

And, now, how many of the human family are enrolled as citizens of the holy places; what numbers assemble for worship in the great cathedral? Statistics I need not inflict upon you, but we cannot but remember the temples to God raised in other ages and other lands, which endure to this hour, imperishable witnesses to a truth which is "the light of life." What that truth is, we shall soon see. But when we remember the great pre-Christian systems of the East and of Egypt, and the very stones dug out of the earth cry aloud in witness to the eternal truths, God, Soul, Hereafter; when we realize the devotion of martyred Israel to the faith of their fathers, and the great Mohammedan revolt against Christian puerilities in the sixth century; when, I say, we remember that one and all endure to this hour, and in unimpaired vigor, and still more when that absorbingly interesting study known as the science of Comparative Religion has shown us that of Christianity is true what is true of all religions—that it enjoys a monopoly of nothing save of errors peculiar to itself, and that of its doctrines, all that is true is not new, and all that is new is not true—we are in a fairer position to estimate its precise place and influence in the world and the sources from which it has drawn its inspiration.

Even of the comparatively few in the vast family of humanity who own its supremacy, how many can repeat its shibboleths in common? And if disunion, the true mark of error, be at work among them, can we believe that the future is reserved for it? It is unquestionable that the cultivated intellect of the Continent is profoundly estranged from the version prevalent there, while it is only the spirit of compromise, so characteristic of the race, carried into the domain of dogmatism which prevents a similar insurrection in England. If the Sacerdotal lion can lie down side by side with the Broad Church lambs, it is only because the wicked world, symbolized for the moment by the strong arm of the law and the public sense of decency, curbs the ferocity of the heresy hunters and bids them look to their manners lest some worse thing befall them. It is felt instinctively that the Christian phylacteries, the peculiar trappings in which Divine truth has been set forth in England, are not worthy or capable of being defended.

And this will make us to estimate at its true value the argument which lost John Henry Newman to Theism and won him for Roman Catholicism. What finally decided him that the Ultramontane version of religion was the true one, was the famous *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* of Augustine. The verdict of the world is against you, he urged against the Donatists, and what was conclusive against them was conclusive against Anglicans, who could only appeal for support to their own kith and kindred. However that may be, what answer is forthcoming to the retort which the phenomena of to-day unmistakably suggest? If the consent of the fourth century, semi-barbarous, uneducated, profoundly credulous, and avowedly uncritical, serves to prove the truth of that form of Gnosticism known as orthodoxy, what are we to say of the uniform rejection of it, as such, by the decidedly cultivated intellect of the nineteenth century? If the prior unanimity was adequate to prove its dogmatic truth, why should not the spectacle offered by educated Europe and America be sufficient to show its groundlessness? Whatever it may be to "babes" and "little ones" to whom it loves to appeal from the "undue exaltation of intellect" which can see no basis whatsoever on which to rest the historical Christianity of the churches, certain it is to those who know, it is among those things which "have their day and cease to be." It cannot be a cathedral vast as the race, it can never be more than a system among systems, a chapel isolated in the Infinite.

The truth of this will be more clearly seen if we reflect on the nature of the claim of Christianity to be in exclusive possession of divine knowledge, the sole revealer of God to man. Ever since the words of the Gnostic Gospeller, "He shall lead you unto all truth," were written, it has been claimed that the authentic medium of divine communications has been a corporation or a book, one or the other being affirmed to be an exhaustive and infallible philosophy of God and man. Solomon had grievous misgivings as to the Lord of heaven and earth being enclosed within the temple he had built, but no such anxieties beset the framers of the Nicene or Athanasian Creeds, or their imitators in subsequent ages. What a spectacle for gods and men! "All truth" summed up in thirty-nine articles, or half-a-dozen ecumenical councils! It is the profanity, I had almost said the sacrilege, of it which is so shocking to the instinctive reverence of our minds. And what truths, too, are commended to our keeping in these canons and articles! Beginning with the natural depravity of human affections, purposely inflicted upon us because of another's transgression in which we could have had no part, we are taught as a direct corollary from this, that our God is no more moral in His emotions than ourselves; for, in order to right the first wrong, He is made to perpetrate another which no one would hesitate to pronounce immoral in us, viz: the chastisement of the innocent in the place of the guilty. I say nothing of the lie direct and overwhelming which the unanswerable facts of Science in many of its departments give to the whole story of the fall of a first man, and the consequent superstructure which the perverse ingenuity of man has erected upon it. I confine myself to the plain fact that the so-called scheme is an outrage upon the ethical nature of man, and therefore that it can never have emanated from God. You know too much of contemporary thought in the National Church not to be aware that in the latest explanations of the Atonement, the Anglican theologians explain it away, the redemption of Jesus being no more than the example of His saintly life and His uncomplaining submission to death. The angry God, who will not relax His frown save at the sight of blood, is conveniently forgotten in the more refined circles of Ecclesiasticism, or left to the meditations of Little Bethel or Breton peasants.

And this is a divine revelation, a heavenly system of truth so far beyond human reason, and so intrinsically unrelated to any of our faculties, that it could never have been discovered by man's intelligence, but only preternaturally communicated from without! To Paul, who is alone responsible for the famous scheme, this is the "wisdom hidden from the ages, which none of the princes of this world ever knew"—his peculiar way of describing the superiority of his preaching to that of the Greek masters like Plato and Aristotle. But the civilized world—the *orbis terrarum* of the nineteenth century—holds, with Socrates, that the moral law is supreme over Gods and men, and believes that Mill and Carlyle are safer guides when they teach that no less than the best moral emotion discoverable in man is to be ascribed to the God of men. "Depend upon it," says the great man of his hero, Frederick the Great, "it is flatly inconceivable that moral emotion could have been put into him by an entity which had none of its own."

Meanwhile, if the Universe be good at heart, if reason be indeed its soul, the tendencies of modern thought must be leading mankind to some predestined end. The movements known to history as the Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution, accomplished results which must endure to all time; they marked the great stages in humanity's onward march. To-day, when systems and schemes of religion are going to pieces like the dust of the dead; when mystery and miracle are becoming unthinkable things in a world where all is law; when the most imposing pretensions are subjected to so minute and pitiless an analysis; when every dogma of council or creed can be tracked and traced with an unerring precision to root ideas which govern the human mind in its undeveloped stages; to-day, when, in spite of the destructive work being done, a rever-

ence and a true zeal for truth reigns as it never did before in this world's history, when the sense of the responsibility and solemnity of life weighs upon men so profoundly, there must, I say, be some goal towards which humanity is moving; there must be some synthesis which shall reconcile for them their aspirations and their knowledge, some harmony which shall resolve the discordant notes of life—in a word, there must be some

> far-off, divine event
> Towards which the whole creation moves.

What is that event? Unless a man is prepared to say that the present chaotic condition of religious thought is to perpetuate itself, or that we are to revert to the ideal of mediævalism—a world iron-bound by the dogmatism of self-appointed representatives of "all truth,"—or unless we are to expect a mental paralysis consequent upon a universal scepticism, there must be some definite bourne for which the forces now at work in humanity are making. I am not able to believe in the perpetuity of an unstable equilibrium in the world of mind any more than in the universe of matter; nor does history show any warrant for its expectation that the world will return to the discarded ideal of a mediæval theocracy; nor does the language of modern Agnosticism, with its hesitations and falterings, encourage one to believe that therein is a solution, complete and final, of those obstinate questionings which beset us. No, I believe, with Kant, in the indestructibility of the religious sentiment. I hold that if the soul of man have not whereon to feed, it will feed upon itself to its own destruction. I believe, with Augustine, that man is made for God, and that his heart is restless until it finds rest there. *Fecisti nos ad Te Domine, et irrequietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.* I believe, with Victor Hugo, that, journey never so far, the spirit of man finds itself face to face at last with One of whom it is the very image. *Dieu se retrouve à la fin de tout.*

And, therefore, my faith is a "Religion within the boundaries of mere reason." In the first place, its beliefs are the one element of truth in all the "little systems" of which we have been speaking. It is here they touch the confines of the eternal It is in this center of changeless truth that all their wandering, broken lights do meet. This is the one reality behind the phantoms and phenomena wherewith they have been perplexing and confusing man's thoughts; it is at the same time the Great Ideal, the passion for which is the star of our life.

What a majestic source of unity is there here! The soul positively thrills at the thought of the boundless possibilities of good which center in this conception of Religion. That which Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism aspired to do, would be an accomplished fact, did their votaries believe, with Shelley, that

> The One remains, the many change and pass;

did they obey the ancient prophet's command, "Depart from your idols." For what are all the current creeds and orthodoxies of every age and land but so many idols of the market place, veritable *simulacra* or images of something ineffable, beyond the power of man's mind to completely conceive, or of his stammering tongue to utter? They served their purpose in the childhood of humanity; they were schoolmasters to train it to higher things; tabernacles of skins wherein to enshrine the Holy of Holies in rude and uncultured times. But now that humanity has reached the full stature of its manhood and is able to look direct into the vision of the deep things of God, is it not time to preach from the housetops what philosophers have been thinking ever since the emancipation of European intellect, aye and before it, too, in the great Moorish schools, which sprung up before the scholasticism of the Middle Ages? Is it not time that intelligent clergymen of every sect in Christendom should openly declare in their pulpits what they think, believe, and discuss in the privacies of their studies? Truth is the one thing which never yet did man any harm. Tell them that the Universe is not built upon the narrow plane they had been taught of old; that its age is immeasurable, possibly as great as that of the Ancient of Days Himself; tell them that man has been an inhabitant of this globe for a hundred thousand years at least; that there was any such a being as a first man, some seven thousand years old, that his existence, his history, is a myth, traced upon the cylinders of Babylon; that man never fell except to himself and his own conscience; that the redemption scheme is an idiosyncrasy of Paul; that a priesthood is avowedly a pagan conception, and sacrifice a relic of barbarism. Tell them this, for you know it is true, and that your Articles and Confessions are false. Speak out as your conscience bids you speak, that yours is no temple of truth, no cathedral vast enough to hold the race, nothing but the dim shadow of a Great Reality, one of "the many which change and pass," a spot in boundless space, "a chapel in the Infinite."

The truth, then, of the Theistic Faith is that into which all that is true in lesser faiths resolves itself. Where they agree with us they are in agreement amongst themselves, and all is peace and truth, according to the Theistic prophet's utterance: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great is the multitude of peace." Where they depart from us, there begins discord—sure sign of error—the confusion and strife of tongues, the jangling contradictions of men. Are we, then, dangerously out of the way in believing that that wherein all the sons of God unite is the veritable goal towards which they are consciously or unconsciously reaching?

Tendentes manus ripæ ulterioris amore?

And there is one other unmistakable evidence that the stream of tendency is in our direction. I allude to the predominant influence in our age of Science, not merely physical, but Science in all its departments. It is welcome to us as the very handwriting of the Eternal, as a discovery of the workings of the Infinite Mind. "I thank Thee, O God," said Kepler, when he had at last discovered the laws of planetary movements, "I thank Thee that I think Thy thoughts again!" Even so is every new discovery welcomed by us as a further revelation of the Being who is forever Reason.

But to the "little systems" Science can only be welcomed in so far as it fits in with the petty scale upon which their theologies and theosophies have constructed the Universe. At first, everything is passionately denied, a cry of horror goes up in the land that Science is engaged in an attempt to dethrone the God of their theology. And then a few years elapse, and for very shame's sake they set about

explaining how that the "God of Knowledge" has much in common with their theosophical Deity, and that, by a dexterous manipulation of infallible texts and Articles of Religion, a *modus vivendi* may be arranged between the two. This is the kind of dialectic that goes on at every Church Congress—men who know in their hearts that the "inspired" anthropology of the Bible is contradicted fully, flatly, irreconcilably, by the undeniable facts discovered by Science, continue to mystify themselves and their hearers alike by all the pleadings, glosses, evasions and refinements at their command, with a view to what they call a reconciliation between Science and Religion.

Science and Religion, I protest, need no reconciliation, for they never were at war. Not Religion, but pseudo-philosophy and so-called theology—this it is to which Science is an implacable and irreconcilable foe. And she will never cease from her determined, passionate opposition until the Ecclesiastical Idol vacates the very last niche it occupies in its "chapel," clothes itself with the white robe of contrition, and sits humbly upon the stool of repentance, awaiting a scientific absolution.

For us, my friends, such reconciliation is an unmeaning phrase. We never professed to follow aught but Reason's kindly light, for that we *know* to be the Divine image in us. And, therefore, all that comes to us in Reason's name, comes accredited, as though from the innermost court of the Great Presence itself. We discard nothing but what offends Reason and its ascertained laws; we bring everything before its bar. Science is to us a Divine revelation; its teachings are among our inspired literature. No need, therefore, of reconciliation between Religion and Science in a Theistic philosophy, when we resolve both, as in a final synthesis, into the root fact of all this wondrous Universe — Eternal Reason. And because of this, a faith such as ours is part of the order of imperishable realities. Of it the poet's words never can be true: "They have their day and cease to be." On the contrary, it is a glory which can never pass from the earth, for the Kingdom of Reason, like the throne of the Eternal, is forever and ever.

A Song for the Good Time.

Sing o' the "good time coming"—
  Fancy you hear its drums,
And life'll be all the sweeter
  If never the good time comes!

Sing o' the "good time coming—"
  Sing while the night comes on,
And life'll be all the brighter
  For dreaming the day would dawn!

Sing o' the "good time coming"
  On a glad and golden wing,
And life will move in music
  For dreaming the joy-bells ring!

Somewhere the good time's marching
  With the rippling flags and drums;
But sing — and the world will blossom
  If never the good time comes!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A fund of $5,000 is being raised in London to endow a bed in Guy's hospital in memory of the poet Keats, who was once a student of Guy's and St. Thomas' hospitals, then united for teaching purposes.

The Sunday School.

Kindness.

Kindness, all simple-wise and sweet,
  Grows as the grasses far and wide;
It carpets earth for weary feet,
  It brings the bliss of summertide!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XIII. INDIA.—BRAHMANISM.

About the close of the sixteenth century the Dutch East India merchants, who, up to that time, had controlled the Eastern trade of Europe, became so exorbitant in their prices for Asiatic luxuries that the English merchants would submit no longer. They accordingly chartered the British East India Company in 1600, and that beginning proved the starting point of a tremendous politico-commercial organization which has had an immense influence on the affairs of India. This is probably the greatest commercial event in the history of modern civilization, measured by its intellectual, as well as its economical results. In its wake went the British army. And here arises a hard question. Dislike, as we may and must, the game of grab which has for many years characterized the foreign policy of Great Britain, we must admit the counter fact, that the English language has gone under the English flag to all parts of the world, and that with the language has gone much that is best of English literature and arts.

When the English had gained a safe foothold in India and were beginning to establish a government there, they sent over Sir William Jones, a young English-Welsh barrister, already one of the competent in linguistic studies, to settle disputes and adjust claims between the natives and the English. He found himself nearly helpless through lack of sufficient knowledge of the language and laws of the people, and immediately applied himself to study along those lines. In 1784 he organized the Asiatic Society, having for its object the study of Oriental literatures. Under the presidency of Sir William Jones this society re-discovered a buried language and a literature composing a library of more than twenty thousand works, more extensive than all the literature of Greece and Rome together. Through its agency, directly or indirectly, three great Bibles have been restored to the world—the Vedas of the Brahmans, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, and the Zend-Avesta of the Parsis. When Sir William Jones translated and published a Sanskrit love poem, dating from about 100 B. C., so great a scholar as the learned Scotchman, Dugald Stuart, declared the poem an imposition, and the translator was ridiculed all over Europe. He died at forty-eight, one of the greatest scholars of his time. But his work was destined to live. It was taken up and carried on by H. H. Wilson, first a clerk and then librarian of the East India Company, then by Max Müller, a German scholar who has made name and fame in this line of research, and Sir Monier-Williams, an Englishman born in India, and the best living authority on Brahmanism to-day.

The Sanskrit language, which Sir William Jones discovered for the world, has been a sacred language

for at least three thousand years, and is a sister language to all the Teutonic and Romance tongues of Europe. We used to say that we were all descended from the Aryan race, and that in times pre-historic one stream pushed on to the Indus and became Indian, while others moved westward and were the ancestors of the Kelts, Germans, Persians, and Slavs, a theory based on the evidence of language. Now the scholars are breaking this classification all up, and are telling us that similarities in speech are no evidence of blood relationship. The ethnologists are having their own way now, and are setting us in families, mainly by measuring our skulls. An interesting book on this subject is Taylor's "Origin of the Aryans." We are not so sure as we once were that we are allied to the Hindoos physically, but surely we have a spiritual inheritance that is akin to theirs. We can trace a long line of root words back to a common origin with Sanskrit roots. Plow, wagon, daughter, and a host of other words are fossils that tell of a kinship in the dim past, when speech was in the making. In the realm of folk-lore, too, there are striking parallels, and the stories of Gelert, Jack and the Beanstalk, Jack the Giant-killer, and Cinderella, are as familiar to the brown children of India as they are to us. And so in regard to many of our fundamental conceptions we seem to be at home with the dwellers by the Indus.

The earliest collection of Sanskrit hymns and prayers is called the Vedas. The word itself means knowledge. When we speak of the Vedas, we usually mean the Rig Vedas, which consist of 1,017 hymns, some short, but others long and carefully elaborated, and written in the rhythm of a developed literature. The Rig Vedas were the oldest. They dealt with the old nature gods, of whom the most beautiful and persistent were Varuna, the sky god, Agni, the fire god, and Indra, the rain god. The Vedic religion was a sunny, out-of-door worship for a thousand years, after which it began to develop into a great cosmic system of theology and became weighted with a load of puerile observances that have gained for it much disrepute.

But here is a startling thing, one of the most startling in the whole history of human development. We are pretty safe in saying that the Rig Vedas were practically in their present shape almost if not quite as early as 1500 B. C.—not a loose collection of epigrams and maxims, but having connection and constructive qualities. Yet Sanskrit, as a written language, is probably not older than 400 years B. C. Here is a literature which was, perhaps, a thousand years old, loved and immensely powerful when written characters first stepped in to aid in its preservation. Until then it was written nowhere but in the gray matter of the human brain, and transmitted only on the breath of human beings. And if, at the present moment, every manuscript of the Rig Veda were to be destroyed, we should be able to recover it wholly and with perfect accuracy from the memories of students who have learned it, not from books, but from the lips of teachers. Max Müller tells us that he frequently has Indian students in his classes in Oxford who carry this immense mass of learning in their heads, and so correctly that it is not rare for them to detect errors in his printed works, and when he wishes to verify a word or an accent, he does not collate manuscripts, but students for the purpose. Such are the possibilities of human memory.

The Study Table.

Our March Magazines.

The Arena for March has three marked articles: A Discussion of Trusts, Their Causes and Remedy, by Hon. Marion Butler, Senator for North Carolina; The Victory of the Vanquished, by Hon. Charles A. Towne—a very able presentation of the silver side of the currency question; and a very able article on the money question, entitled, A Single Standard for the World, by Francis E. Woodruff. I only regret the article by C. A. Robinson on The Pingree Potato Culture. Mr. Robinson is president of a farmers' mutual benefit association, and I am sorry to say that there are a few farmers who are willing to accept of the selfishness involved in class legislation. There are two principles which are good enough for the whole of us: "Live and let live," and "Get up and get." There has not been a more promising movement in the way of discharging the congested elements of our cities than that adopted by Mr. Pingree. *The Arena* strikes strong blows, and it cannot be expected that we shall agree as to every one of them. Those who are interested in co-operation will find a splendid article on Girls' Co-operative Boarding Homes, by Robert Stine. Mr. B. O. Flower finds a topic just in keeping with his noble soul in The Exile Christ in Christian Russia.

The most notable articles in the *Forum* are: The Duty of Annexing Hawaii, by Senator Morgan; the Democratic Party and its Future, by ex-Governor Stone, of Missouri; Some Recent Municipal Gas History, by Prof. Edward W. Bemis, and State Control of Political Parties, by Senator Frank D. Pavey. Other articles are of great value, and, on the whole, we may say that the *Forum* for March is one of the best ever published.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews has a very instructive article on Election Schools, an experiment that is being tried in Missouri for the purpose of arousing voters to a distinctive interest in electoral matters, and giving them a healthy civic spirit. The article is too long, and the argument too close for quotation; but it should be read by all citizens who desire reform in our election methods. Another article is a symposium from M. Zola and other Frenchmen on the Anti-Jewish Crusade. This ebullition of barbarism produces only the faintest echo in England, and has not a handful of sympathizers in America. Here we are learning to march hand in hand with the Jew in religion and in politics. In both of these fields it is not infrequent that the Jew leads the way. The editor of the ablest review in America is a Jew.

The New England Magazine grows better and better, which is saying a good deal for it. It is now recognized as the best literary magazine in the United States. Notable articles for March are: Architecture and the People, Expensive Living the Blight on America; while the specifically New England articles are, as usual, superbly illustrated. New England in India is a remarkable paper, showing how far the influence of New England thought and sentiment has reached.

I wish that every American citizen would read the first article in *Education* on Corporal Punishment as a Means of Social Control. The fact that flogging is a common sentence for light offenses, prescribed by English courts, is not well known by Americans. But there is a decided reaction in this country in favor of the application of the lash for the vulgar and mean offenses, which cannot be punished by our present code with anything more than a short confinement—such confinement being rather acceptable than otherwise to the offender. When you have finished this article, read The Uncertainty of the Teacher's Position, a subject of immense importance to Americans. Our educational system is built up to-day on a vast mass of peripatetic teaching ability. Very few of those who enter upon teaching intend to pursue it as a profession. This is an evil which must be cured before our educational system will have an inspiration that will create good thinkers of the pupils.

The New Time gives short articles, but most of them are directly to the point. One of unusual value is on Direct Legislation, from Swiss authorities. The same topic is carried out ably by Eltweed Pomeroy, president of the National Direct Legislation League. Such topics are not only of growing importance, but are commanding the attention of the people. Mr. Flower gives us, in Lights and Shadows of the Present, some striking and just illustrations of the power and soullessness of corporate authority. In this magazine we gather more of those statistics concerning old age pensions, postal reform, municipal ownership of industries, trade unions, than from any other source with which I am acquainted.

The New World for March is one of those solidly good numbers that leaves us unable to select one article as peculiarly better than another. We have hardly seen a better review and analysis of Henry George and His Economic System, or a better criticism of Walt Whitman. The Two Famous Maxims of Greece must not be overlooked, even by the reader who has little time for reviews. The opening article on Truth and How We Know It is intense, compact and stimulative. The book reviews, as a rule, escape the high and lofty superciliousness characteristic of much of the work of review critics. As a rule, we dread this class of literature more than any other, for the writers pronounce judgment, with the shallowest knowledge of the subject in hand. We are particularly pleased with the review of Mr. Nash's Genesis of the Social Conscience, and that of the new work by Prof. McGiffert, who is accused of heresy for having written it. The new study of Jesus, by Prof. Reville of the College of France, gets a just and appreciative handling by the editor, Dr. Gilman. He says justly, "To the full recovery of all the aid which modern life needs and can gain from sympathetic communion with the Man of Nazareth, these volumes should largely contribute. They represent, we firmly believe, the abiding religious temper and the well-reasoned judgment of the future. So will it truly think, so will it earnestly feel, concerning this greatest of the sons of men."

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.
MON.—Houses are like the human beings that inhabit them.
TUES.—There is something that resembles us more strongly than our face, and that is our expression.
WED.—Great simplicity and great talents in conjunction form a most valuable compound.
THURS.—It is not until a task is fairly grappled with that its difficulties and perils become fully manifest.
FRI.—Nature is oftentimes a kind mother, but quite as often a pitiless destroyer.
SAT.—Resolution gives fire to the look—a fire composed of the combustion of timid thoughts.

—*Victor Hugo.*

Quiet Ways Are Best.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.
The rain that trickles down in showers,
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying
And scurrying;
With fretting and flurrying
The temper's often lost:
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

—*Baptist Argus.*

How the Lost Child was Found.

The people of Eureka were quite excited last week by the loss of a little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Shofield. The little fellow, about three years old, was playing about the house Wednesday afternoon, and was seen a few minutes before five o'clock. Shortly after, when his mother went to look for him, he could not be found. A hurried search of the premises did not reveal him, and word was sent to the neighbors to see if he was at any of the near houses. Later a general alarm was sent around the neighborhood, and the men turned out to hunt, while a number of ladies went to the residence of the distracted parents.

A diligent search was made of the highways and adjoining fields, but without results. During this search a pet cat belonging to the boy appeared at the house and made itself so disagreeable by its continued cries that it was put out of the house. Again it got in and continued its pitiful mewing, and was again put out. This time some of the men happened to be near and saw it disappear into the woods

near the house. The suggestion was at once made that the cat might know where the boy was, and it was determined to transfer the search to the woods. Accordingly, a line of men was formed, one rod apart, every second man carrying a lantern, and they proceeded systematically through the woods and back again.

After passing through the woods a number of times, some one caught a glimpse of the cat as it dashed away into the thick part of the woods. This information was conveyed to the searchers, and they changed their line of march, so as to cover that part of the woods toward which the cat appeared to be going. This resulted in finding the lost boy soon after in a dense growth of underbrush, asleep on the ground, with the pet cat nestled down beside him. It was about eleven o'clock when he was found, and the place was fully half a mile from the house.

During the trying ordeal of the search, his mother bore the terrible suspense with much fortitude, but when the news was brought that he was found, her nerves gave way and she fainted, and for some time it was feared that the shock might cause a serious illness, but she rallied, and by the second day was as well as usual. It is needless to add that the cat now occupies the position of honor in that family. —*Northfield* (*Minn.*) *Independent* of October 17th.

Learning a Truth.

The truth which will develop in us a higher manhood is not the truth we learn from books or from any outside teaching. It comes as the result of experience, and is born first into the heart, and not into the brain.

We read of or listen to the experience of another, and we say: "This man is wise. He knows the truth. I will pin my faith to him, accept his dogmas, endorse his opinions."

Now, to become the echo of another man's mind because to do so saves us from troublesome thought, is as sensible as it would be to close our eyes and insist on being led by another who walked along with his eyes open. It is refusing to use our abilities for the use for which they were given, and is fitly punished by the loss of those powers which we have refused to exercise and of which we despise the value.

If a man does not use his legs, in time the power to exercise his limbs becomes lost, the muscles become incapable of movement.

To perceive and understand the truth, and to use our intuition to behold it more and more for ourselves, and not to depend on another for this clear inward seeing—this is the way to grasp and hold spiritual truth. Persistent striving to behold it will in time develop in us the power to see and "the gift of understanding," and so we learn to find truth for ourselves, and not to depend upon another soul for the enlightenment which is surely waiting for us if we will but have it so.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Rosa Bonheur, the famous French animal painter, who is now slightly past seventy-five, has just finished four large pastels—the first work that she has put on exhibition in thirty years. The pictures are pronounced by the French critics to be among the best that have come from the brush of the great artist. The canvases display undiminished vigor, and a poetic conception that has mellowed, but not faltered, with age. The celebrated painter was born in Bordeaux, in 1822. Pupil of her father, Raymond Bonheur, she sent her first effort to the Salon of 1841, and obtained her initial medal in 1845. Officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Antwerp Institute, and Commander in the Order of Isabella, she has directed for thirty years the Free Academy of Design for young ladies. Rosa Bonheur has been the recipient of every honor known to painters, and her pictures are found in almost every gallery of note.

"Little Kindnesses."

To those of us who observe everyday happenings, it is a remarkable fact that the seeming trifles are the things that make life bright or dark. And it is the person who remembers to do the little things who is the maker of happiness for others. Few of us can write out a check for our friend; and if we could, the chances are that she would feel intensely uncomfortable in accepting it. But we can each say the bright word to those with whom we come in contact, and can utter the cheerful "Good-morning!" to each member of our household. Even our servants work with a better will when the mistress is cheerful.

But the little duties do not stop with saying cheerful things. The price of popularity is certainly eternal vigilance—the vigilance that notices other people and their pleasures and troubles. Such vigilance and tactful thoughtfulness are not hypocritical, for by practicing an appearance of an interest that at first may be only feigned, we soon learn to feel it truly from the heart. And surely there is no harm in trying to make others love us, if in so doing we promote their comfort. Such an aim and such means cannot be base.

Those of us who are already burdened with the cares of life often long to do great things for our friends, and since we cannot do these we settle down into the conviction that we can do nothing. We are not like Lowell's heroine, who

> Doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise;
> For naught that sets one heart at ease,
> Or giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low esteemed in her eyes.

There are many people to do the great deeds that must be done. What this weary old world needs is more people who will remove the pebbles from the pathway of those who are footsore, and lift by even a finger's weight the burden on some weary back. It may be just that pebble which would wound the foot, and just that finger's weight which would make the burden intolerable.

> O Pilgrim, comes the night so fast?
> Let not the dark thy heart appall,
> Though loom the shadows vague and vast,
> For Love shall save us all.
>
> There is no hope but this to see
> Through tears that gather fast and fall;
> Too great to perish Love must be,
> And Love shall save us all.
>
> Have patience with our loss and pain,
> Our troubled space of days so small;
> We shall not reach our aims in vain,
> For Love shall save us all.
>
> —*Celia Thaxter.*

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

HIRAM W. THOMAS, CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, OSCAR L. TRIGGS, CHARLES ZUEBLIN, EMIL G. HIRSCH, R. A. WHITE, FREDERICK STARR, ELLEN T. LEONARD, E. P. POWELL, JOSEPH STOLZ, PHILIP S. MOXOM, W. A. COLLÆDGE, JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Settling the Question.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes,
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums;
Still, truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim,
May call him great and just;
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Tho' the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong
The battle is not yet done;
For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man, bowed down with labor;
O woman, young, yet old;
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast,
And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Unitarian Church here has been fortunate in securing Rev. Wm. Lord as pastor until January 1, 1899, during the vacation of Dr. Wells. Mr. Lord's cultivated mind and genial personality will win their own welcome. THE NEW UNITY extends its congratulations to the church to which he is to minister.

"The North-Western Limited," lighted throughout by electricity, with superbly appointed vestibuled compartment and standard sleeping cars, buffet, smoking and library cars, dining cars and coaches, leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 P.M., via Chicago & North-Western Railway, for St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth. City Ticket Office, 212 Clark Street.

GREELEY, COLO.—Unity Church, Victor E. Southworth, minister. We are glad to report an overcrowded house at every Sunday preaching service. Recent pulpit themes have been as follows: "Robert Burns and the Joy of Song," "The Social Value of Manhood," "Motherhood: A Plea for the Unborn." On Sunday, March 13th, Mr. Southworth began a course of talks on "Present Day Problems," as follows: "Are We Civilized Yet?" "Is Democracy a Failure?" "Does Modern Education Educate?" "If Churches Were Abolished, Would Religion Survive?"

MADISON, WIS.—Rev. W. D. Simonds gave a lecture on Sunday evening, March 6, at the opera house upon the scholar and statesman, Charles Sumner, after a very graceful introductory address by Attorney L. B. Murphy, upon the life and death of Robert Emmet. This was Mr. Simonds' fifty-fifth Sunday evening lecture in Madison, and the thirty-third at the opera house. These services have been a most gratifying success, always largely attended and well sustained. The services have cost for rent, music and printing over $700, and almost the entire sum has been raised by voluntary basket collections. We are in receipt of the yearbook of the First Unitarian Society, over which Mr. Simonds is pastor. It contains a brief historical sketch, and the present outlook is one of prosperity and encouragement. Reports come from many quarters of the effective work that Mr. Simonds and this society are doing in all that tends to the uplifting of life in Madison.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—The annual business meeting and social reunion of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church was held last week. The church auditorium was well filled. The Lithia Springs orchestra, consisting of eight instruments, in the hands of some excellent musicians, most of whom are young men connected with the church, played popular and classical selections during the evening. This orchestra, in connection with a band, will help make music at the Lithia Springs Assembly, conducted by J. L. Douthit and son. After the regular program and business meeting, something not previously announced was given in the way of a surprise to the associate minister, Rev. Robert Douthit, who was made the recipient of a cash present in behalf of the members of the church and Sunday-school.

A series of mission meetings will be held during the latter part of Lent, and it is expected a good class will be received into the church on Easter day.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—On Saturday evening, March 12th, Jenkin Lloyd Jones addressed a large audience in Temple Emmanuel. The services were augmented with an enlarged choir, under the direction of Prof. B. Guckenberger. A correspondent writes:

"Rabbi M. Newfield occupied the pulpit as usual. The Temple was comfortably filled with Jew and Gentile, ministry and laity, and every portion of the evening's services was listened to most attentively. It was a delightful lecture. From the start to the finish the speaker displayed earnestness and zeal. His topic was, 'The Parliament of Religions and What Next?' It was a subject that teemed with thoughts of interest in the future welfare of man.

"At the conclusion of the services Mr. Jones held an informal reception on the rostrum. Men and women of all denominations, including the ministers present, flocked about him and shook his hand."

"He departed at 12 o'clock for Vicksburg, Miss., where he goes to visit scenes he passed through years ago."

Books Received.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN. By Elbert Hubbard Alexander Hamilton. Putnam's Sons. (pph.)

"TELL THEM;" or, THE LIFE STORY OF A MEDICAL MISSIONARY. By George D. Dowkontt, M.D. (Paper.) Office of the Medical Missionary Record, 21 East Forty-fifth St., New York.

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THE CONQUESTS OF LOVE. By Henry Frank. (pph.) An address to the congregation of the Metropolitan Independent Church.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE—TALES OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS. By Ambrose Bierce. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

THE BUILDING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S GROWTH FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By Alfred Thomas Story. In two parts. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

CHICAGO, RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH.—The "Woman's League," which is an off-shoot of the Universalist Women's Association, held its regular meeting at Ryder Memorial Church on Thursday, March 10th.

The League was formed about one year ago with the object of awakening added interest in the work of the Association, and is partly literary in character, the papers at the two previous meetings having dealt with the work of noted women novelists. From these papers the best are selected to be again read at the general meetings of the Association.

The topic for the meeting of Thursday was, however, of a more serious nature; so serious, indeed, that surprise was expressed by one of the speakers in the after discussion, that women should undertake to settle so abstruse a question, viz., "The Merits and Defects of the Present System of Organization of the Universalist Church." The women assembled at noon, each one bearing a box suggestive of sandwiches and cake or other dainties, to be partaken of at lunch, together with coffee or tea provided by the Aid Society of the church at which they met.

After the informal and sociable repast, the chair was taken by the president of the society, Mrs. Cyrus Bailey, and the meeting called to order.

The essayists were Mrs. Manning and Miss Mary Straub, who read concise and practical papers, the writers being, evidently, not blind to the fact that the word "defects" in the topic assigned them was advisedly used, unless there were some other, perhaps deeper, cause underlying the truth that the apparent growth of Universalism was slow as compared with that of other denominasions, and that weak parishes frequently tank into hopeless decline in spite of the sound constitutions bestowed upon them.

The discussion following the papers was animated, no speaker occupying the floor more than five or ten minutes, and each one contributing a thought or exhibiting a new phase of the subject. The feminine element, of course, predominated, but a sprinkling of ministers added variety, and possibly a broader outlook. Dr. Jacob Straub evidently thought that the church would benefit if all clubs outside its domain could be eliminated and people forced to find their social and intellectual communion within its borders. He also approved of an idea suggested in his sister's paper, that more paternalism might be exercised, and pastors assigned to parishes where the authorities in convention believed they could do effective work, whether they were ardently desired by the members or not.

An extension of this thought was aptly brought forward by Mrs. Ellis in the words, "We should be loyal to our church, not alone to our pastor."

The same lady declared her conviction that women were tired of working so hard to earn money to support the church by various forms of entertainment, and advocated giving systematically, if even in small sums.

Mrs. Rice of Englewood endorsed this idea. The Rev. Mr. Millar, always optimistic, argued that Universalism was steadily and surely growing, and that to its influence might be ascribed, without doubt, the broader and sweeter conception of truth in the so-called orthodox churches. He believed there were hundreds of Universalists in all these churches, who would declare themselves if obliged to give unqualified assent to any narrower creed.

"Only the ministers and elders," said he, "are compelled to avow their belief; the congregation do not even have the creed read to them."

Mrs. Helen Sherry, in original and eloquent fashion, showed that the truths of Universalism could not be confined within the narrow bounds of any organization, but, like yeast set to rise in a colander, not only overflowed, but percolated through the openings and leavened the whole world.

Mrs. Helen Rich read a poem extolling the quiet, modest home-keeping woman of an earlier age, and before the applause it evoked had subsided, asked permission to give another, in which the woman of to-day was urged to see that her husband did his duty at the primaries, with special reference to Hull House and the Nineteenth Ward. As she said, "A singer must have more than one song."

After an all-too-short afternoon, the chairman reluctantly brought the meeting to a close, exhorting the members to look forward with interest to the next one held in May. L. J. P.

* * * In All Souls' Church, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Florence Kelly, ex-factory inspector of Illinois, spoke on the "Social Duty of the Consumer," and in the evening the second ante-election address was given by E. Burritt Smith on "Public Opinion vs. Commercialism."

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Liberty and Life is a volume of discourses in a direct familiar style, and full of the new philosophy of the higher life. **Our Heredity** has been used by a large number of church classes and reading circles, invariably giving satisfaction—among others, in the churches of Edward Everett Hale and of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, our Ex-Editor.

Mr. Powell has a third book in press at the Putnam's, New York, to be out in September or October. It is a history of the six different attempts at Nullification or Secession in the United States during the XIX century. Its object is to help create a national, in place of a sectional, spirit. We shall have it for sale as soon as out of press.

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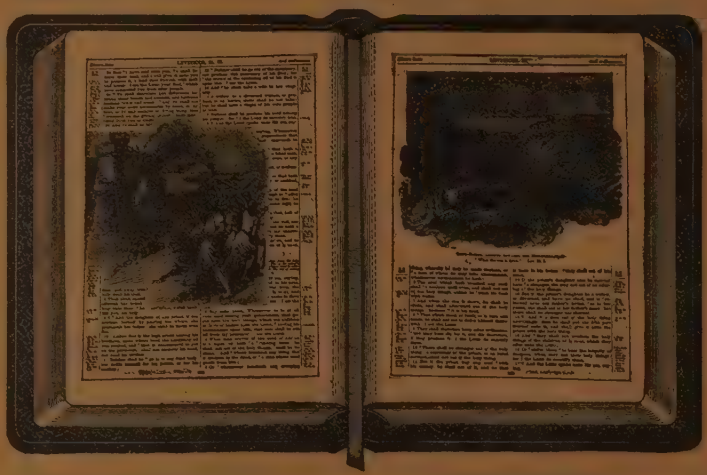

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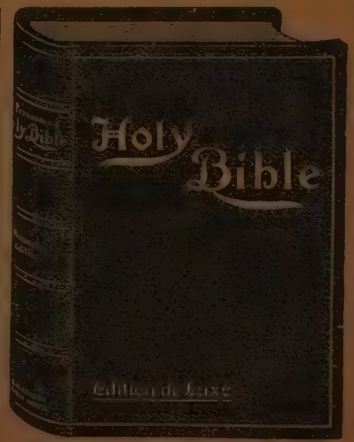

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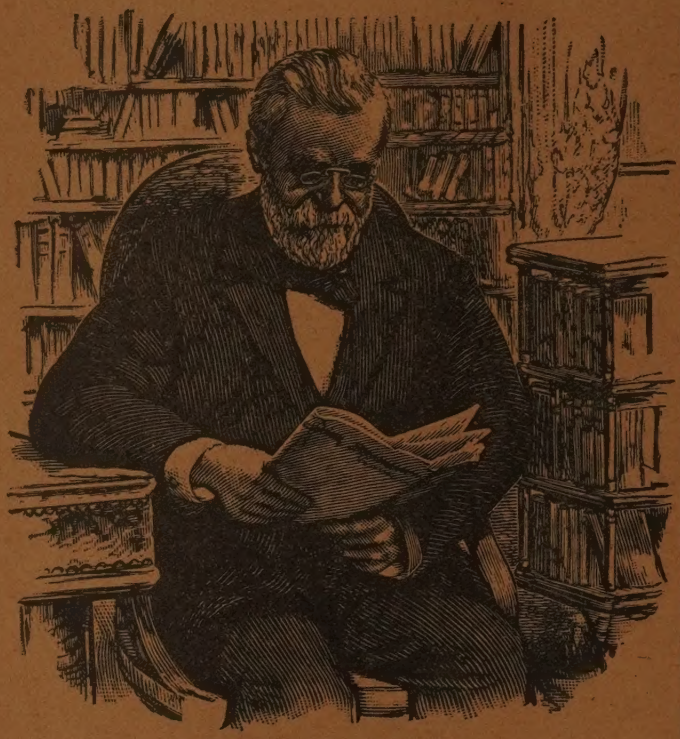

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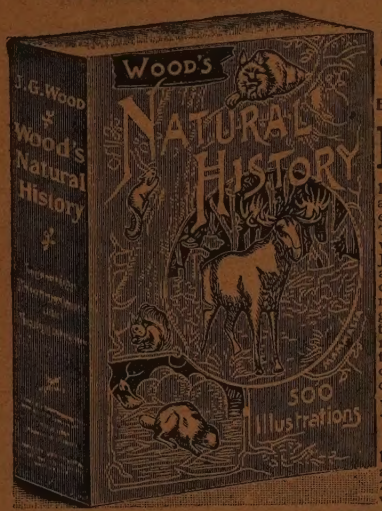

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